

## What Would an Indigenous Grandmother Do?

I don't want to change  
my thoughts.  
I want to change  
the way I think.  
I want to think  
in images, in stories  
spun as threads  
arising long and slow  
out of culture and  
out of the Grandmother Spider  
of indigenous mind.

I want to learn  
to live in the old ways,  
the ways of spirit.  
I want to see signs  
and the deep, precise  
wisdom of the true ones –  
ancestors, elders,  
any and all  
trying to inform us that  
there is a way -  
there is a way  
to heal,  
there is a way  
to see,  
there is a way  
to change direction,  
there is a way  
to give the children  
what they need  
to be safe  
to be listening  
to be healthy  
to be whole.

I, too,  
want to be whole  
all the way into  
death and, yes,  
I'll say it,

beyond death,  
beyond it but not beyond  
the cycle of being -  
the ring, the hoop of  
being together.  
This is the place where  
Love remains, where  
Love sustains, where  
Love comes  
into and through  
all things.  
Love is spirit  
flowing into the life  
of the world.  
Knowing this  
I am left with one question:  
What would an  
indigenous grandmother do?